

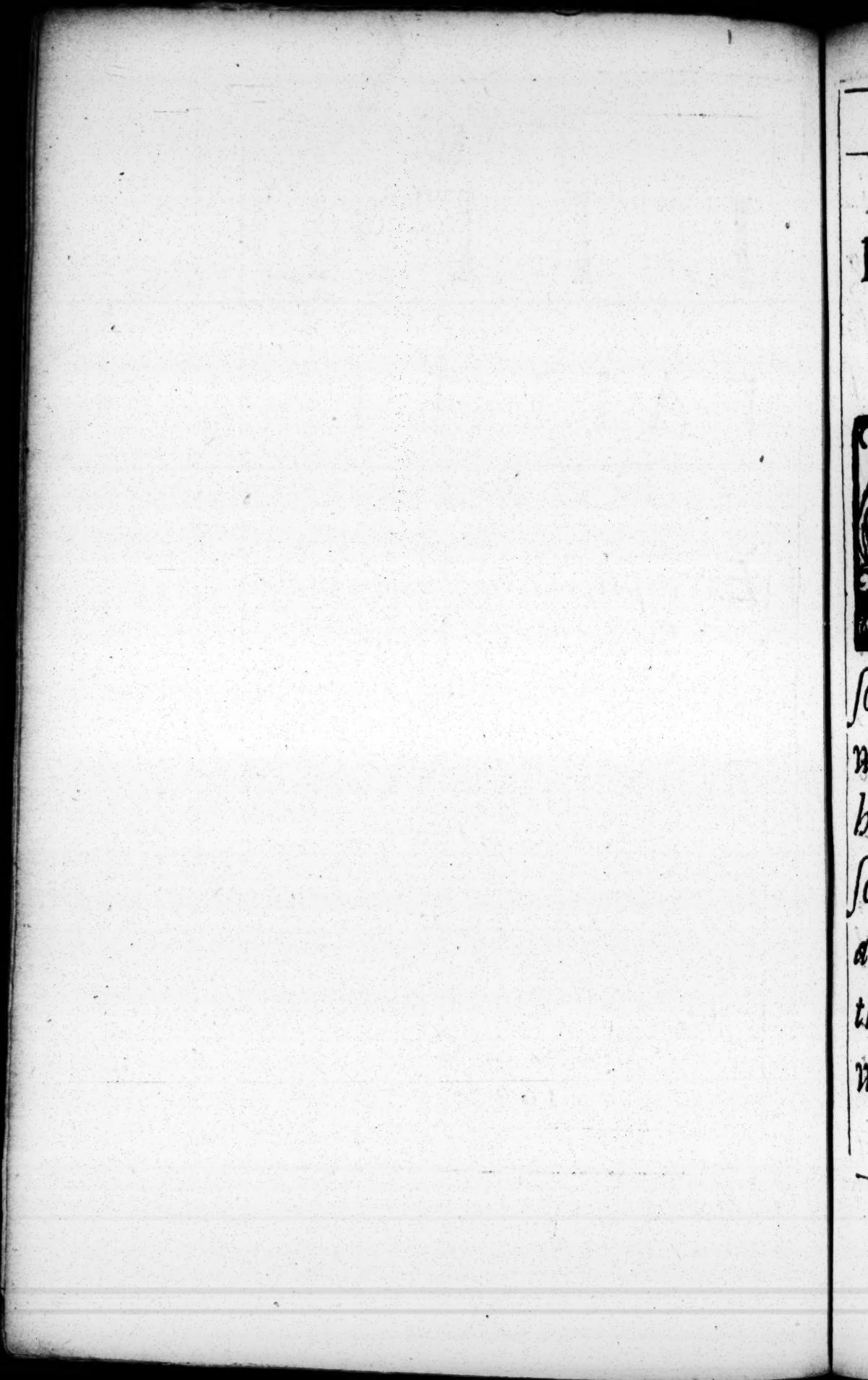
THE
L I F E
OF
FAITH IN
DEATH.

*Exemplified in the living
Speeches of Dying
Christians.*

By SAMUEL WARD
Preacher of Ipswich.

LONDON,
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Grismand, in Ivie Lane at the
signe of the Gun.

1627.



TO
HIS DEARE
AND LOVING
MOTHER.



*Honour Au-
gustine much
for bonouring
his Mother
so much after her death,
whose name and example
had otherwise lyen in ob-
scuritie. But I like better,
and wish rather to follow
the pietie of Nazianzene,
who gaue himselfe to the*

A 3 per-

The Epistle

performance of all Christian Offices to his louing Mother. God hath so blessed the former part of your life aboue the lot of most women, with two such able guides, as haue so floured you with Spirituall and Temporall furniture, that you neede not the ayd of any your Children. Neuerthelesse, Grace and Nature will bee ascending and expressing themselves, in though

in

Dedicatory.

in weake seruices. R E V-
B E N when hee found but
a fewe Flowers, must
bring them to his Mo-
ther L E A H. E s A V
when hee takes Venison,
gratifies his aged Father
withall. S A M P S O N
findes honie by the way
and presents of it to his
parents. Here is a Posie
gathered out of old and
new Gardens; this sauory
meate hath God brought
to hand, here is sweete

A 4 out

The Epistle

out of the strang. Let
your soule eate and blesse,
The vse and fruit of them
I wish to euery beleeuuer,
especially in age and sick-
nesse; but the handfull and
honor of them (if any bee)
to your selfe, whom the
Law of God and Nature
binds mee to honour aboue
others. Long may you liue
to blesse your Children with
your daily Prayers, especi-
ally your sonnes in that
worke which needes much
wa-

Dedicatore.

watering. Yet euery good Christian in yeares cannot but desire to be forewarned against death approaching, and that is the ayme of these endeauours. God prosper and blesse them, as the former : and send mee my part in the benefit of these (as bee hath done of them) in the time of yse.

Your Sonne in all dutie,
desirous of the birth-right of
your loue and blessing.

S A: W A R D.

monibet.

heog ean wif givvian
tawmbo reyrot in (3) (3)
bunræwol se a mæstur
gwidengga dæm hæring
se givva oft it wæt hæ
wæp) . cweawhur spæd
wædr wæuld hæw wæfom
hæd) hæm : wælwe) wæt u
wæd wæt mi tæg ean gom
dæd wæd wæd) wælwe) wæt
wæs wæd mi (wæd) wæt wæd

gæte

gæt wæt wæt wæt wæt
wæt wæt wæt wæt wæt
gæt wæt wæt wæt wæt

and wæt wæt



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THE LIFE OF FAITH IN DEATH.

HAT which hath bin
already spoken of
the life of Faith, is
to the naturall man
aboue all Faith.
And yet if that bee all it can doe,
then is all little better then no-
thing. Say it could fill the minde
of man with all content, satiate
his life with all delight, and sweeten

The life of Faith

ten the bitterness of all afflictions, yet if for all this, there lurke in his brest a secret and sluishi feare of death, the least pecece of this leauen but in a corner of the pecke, is enough to sower the whole lumpe of his joyes: the least dram of this Coloquintida will marre the relish of all his sweetes: and make him crie out, *There is death in the pot.* And, Oh Death, how bitter is thy mention and memory?

Aske Nature, and call to Philosophy, and see if they can affoord any ayd? must they not confesselues here quite posed and plunged? hath not death set & toyled their whole army: for pouertie, shame and sicknesse, and other such pettie Crosses, some poore cures, and lame shifts haue they found out: but when death comes

all

their courage hath fayled, and
their rules haue left them in
darke and desperate vncertainties.
It is possible for *Pharaoh* with
much a do to stand out the storines
of Haile, the swarme of Flies and
lice: but when once the crie of
Death is in the houses, then is there
no way but yeelding: his Enchaun-
ters and Mountebankes could abide
the crie of frogs and other such
vermine; but this *Basiliske* affrights
them. Onely Faith takes it by the
rayle, handles it, and turnes it into an
harmlesse wand, yea into a rod bud-
ding with glory and immortalitie.

Quartane agues are not so much
the shame of Phisicke, as Death is
of all naturall skill and valour. Death
is Faiths euill. Faith onely profes-
seth this Cure, vndertaketh and per-
formeth it with the least touch of
Christs hand: and that as familiarly
as

The life of Faith

as the richest Balme doth the leaſe
cut of the finger. Faith turneth
feares into hopes, sighings & groa-
nings, into wishings and longings,
shaking and trembling into leaping
and clapping of hands.

Alas, all troubles are but as Pig-
myes to this Giant, who defies all
the hoste of Infidels: holds them in
bondage all the dayes of their liues:
and makes their whole life no bet-
ter then a liuing Death and dying
life. Onely Faith encounters this
Giant, singles him out for her
chiefe prize, and grapples with him
not as a match, but as with a van-
quished vnderling: insulting ouer
him as much as hee doth ouer the
fonnes of vnbeliefe: sets her foot
vpon the necke of this King of
feares, and so easily becomes Con-
querour and Emperour of all per-
tie feares, which are therefore onely
fearfull

carefull, because they tend to
Death; the last, the worst, the end
and summe of all feared euils.
Here, and here onely is the incom-
parable crowne of Faith: here on-
ly doth she evidently and eminent-
ly honour her followers, and diffe-
rence the frō al others with a noble
livery of true magnanimitie & ala-
city. It is true, if we had windowes
into the breasts of men, a difference
one might see in the inward bea-
ring of aduersitie: but for the face
and outside, both may seeme alike
hardy, both may seeme alike reso-
lute. But when it comes to the
poynt of Death, then the speech,
the behauour, the countenance,
palpably distinguish the dull pati-
ence perforce of the worldling
from the cheerfull welcome of the
Christian. Let death put on her
mildest vizards, come in the habit of

the

The life of Faith

the greatest sicknes to the stoutest Champion on his owne Downe bed, yet shall his heart tremble and his countenance waxe pale. Let her dresse her selfe like the cruellest Fury; Come with all her rackes, fires, strappadoes, wild beasts, all her exquisite tortures: Faith will set a woman, or a child to make sport with her, to dare and to tyre her, and her tormentors.

Alas what doe they tell vs of their *Socrates*, their *Cato*, their *Seneca*, and a few such thinne examples which a breath will rehearse, a fewe lines conteine their poore ragged handfull, to our Legions, whose names or number one may as soone reckon as the sand of the Sea shore: theirs a fewe choyce men of heroycall spirits trayned vp either in arts or armes: Ours of the weakest sexes and sorts, onely strong

strong in the Faith: theirs either out of windy vaine-glory childishly reckoning of a short death and a long fame; or out of blockish ignorance venturing vpon death as Children and mad men vpon dangers without feare or wit: Ours out of mature deliberation: and firme beleefe in Christ: who hath drunke out of Deaths bitter cup an eternall health to all mankind, taken the gall and poysen out of it, and made it a wholesome potion of immortalitie. Faith hecre proclaims her challenge and bids nature or art out of all their Souldiers and Schollers produce any one, who having option to live or die, and that vpon cquall termes haue embrassed Death: Whereas infinite of hers haue bin offered life with promotions, and yet would not bee deliuered expe-cting a better resurrection.

If any shall challenge these for Thrasonicall flourishes, or Carpet vaunts, I appeale and call to witness not the Cloud now, but the whole skye of witnesses, such I meane as haue dyed either in the Lord, or for the Lord, who in the very poynt and Article of Death haue liued, and expressed liuely testimonies of this their life, partly in their incredible sufferings, partly in their admirable sayings. For their Aets and Monuments if they had all beene penned, all the world would not haue conteined their Histories: the very summes would swell to large Volumes. The valour of the Patients, the sauage-nesse of the Persecutours, striuing together till both exceeding na- ture and beleefe, bred wonder and astonishment in beholders and Readers. Christians haue shewed

as glorious power in the faith of Martyrdome as in the faith of Miracles. As for their last Speeches, and Apothegmes, pitie it is no better marke hath been taken, and memory preserued of them. The choyce and the prime I have culled out of ancient Stories, and latter Martyrologies, English, Dutch, and French. The profit and pleasure hath paied me for the labour of collecting, and the like gaine (I hope) shall quit the cost of thy reading. Sweetly and briefly they comprise and couch in them the foundation, the marrow of large and manifold precepts, prescribed by the learned Divines for preparation against Death. The Art of dying well is easier learned by examples then by directions. These chalke the way more plainly, these encourage more heartily, these perswade more

Beza.
Perkins.
Hall.
Byfield.

The life of Faith.

powerfully, these chide vnbeliefe with more authoritie : if some worke not, others may : some will affect some, some another. Read them ouer to a sicke or to a dying Christian, if they quicken not, if they comfort not, it is because there is no life of Faith in them : if there be the least spaire, these will kindle it, cherish and maintaine it in the doore, in the valley, in the thought, in the act of Death.

The Living Speeches of Dying Christians.

PART. I.

○ *Lord Simeons Swannes Song*
Lord let thy servant depart
in peace, &c.

The good Theefe, the first Con-
fessor. Lord remember me when thou
comnest into thy Kingdome.

Stewen the first Martyr, Lord Iesus
receive my Spirit, forgiue them &c.

Peter the Apostle: *None but Christ, Nothing but Christ.*

Andrew the Apostle: Welcome
oh Christ longed and looked for. I am
the Scholler of him that did hang on
thee, long haue coueted to imbrace
thee, in whom I am that I am.

Polycarpus to the Proconsull,
urging him to deny Christ, I have

The Living speeches

serued him 86 yeares, and hee hath
not once hurt mee, and shall I now de-
ny him?

When hee should haue been ty-
ed to the stake, he required to stand
vntyed, saying: Let me alone (I pray
you) for hee that gaue mee strength to
come to this fire, will also gine me pa-
tience to abide in the same without
your tying.

Ignatius, I am the Wheat or
Graine to be ground with the teeth of
Beasts, that I may be pure Bread for
my Masters tooth; Let Fire, Rackes,
Pulleyes, yea and all the torments
of Hell come on mee, so I may winne
Christ.

Lucius to Vrbicius, a corrupt
Iudge threatning death; I thank you
with all my heart, that free mee and
release mee from wicked Gouvernours
and send mee to my good God and lo-
ving Father, &c.

Pothnius

Pothnius Bishop of Lyons to the President asking him in the midst of torments what that Christ was, answered, *If thou wert worthy, thou shouldest know.*

Cyprian, God Almighty be blessed for this Gaole delinery.

Ambrose to his friends about him, *I haue not so liued, that I am ashamed to liue longer, nor yet feare I Death, because I haue a good Lord.*

And the same to Calligon, Valentinians Eunuch threatening death, *Well doe you that which becomes an Eunuch, I will suffer that which becomes a Bishop.*

Augustine, *Boughes fall off Trees, and stones out of buildings, and why shoulde it seeme strange that mortall men dye?*

Theodosius, *I thank God more for that I haue beeene a member of Christ, then an Emperour of the world.*

Hilarion, Soule, get thee out, thou
hast seauen tie yeares serued Christ, and
art thou now loath to dye, or afraide of
Death?

R

Vincentius, Rage, and doe the worst
that the spirit of malignity can set
thee on worke to doe. Thou shalt see
Gods spirit strengthen the tormented
more then the Deuill can doe the
Tormentor.

Iubentius & Maximinus, We are
ready to lay off the last Garment the
Flesh.

A: talus answered to every que-
stion, I am a Christian: being fired
in an Iron Chaine, Behold, oh you
Romans, this is to eat mans flesh.
which you falsly obiect to us christians

Basil to Valens his Viceroy, offe-
ring him respite, No, I shall bee the
same to morrow; I haue nothing to lose
but a few Bookes, & my body is now so
crazy, that one blow will end my tor-
ment.

Gordius

Gordius, to the Tyrant offering him promotion; Hauē you any thing quall, or more worthy then the Kingdome of beauen?

Babilas dying in Prison, willed his Chaines should bee buried with him; Now (saith he) will God wipe away all teares, and now I shall walk with God in the land of the Liuing.

Barlaam, holding his hand in the flame ouer the Altar, sung that of the Psalmist: Thou teacheſt my hands to warre, and my fingers to fight.

Iulitta: Wee Women receiued not onely flesh from men, but are bone of bone, and therefore ought to be as strong and constant as men in Christs cause.

Amachus, Turne the other side also, Leaſt raw flesh offend. The like Lawrence.

Symeones, Thus to dye a Christian, is to liue, yea the chiefe good and

H

The Living speeches

and best end of a man.

*Marcus of Arethuse, hung vp
in a basket, annoynted with hony,
and so exposed to the stinging of
Waspes, and Bees, to his persecu-
tors that stood and beheld him;
How am I aduanced, despising you
that are below on earth.*

*Pusices to Ananias an olde man
trembling at Martyrdome : Shut
thine eyes but a while, and thou shalt
see Gods light.*

*Bernard, Fense the beeble voyd of
Merit, with Prayer, that the Ser-
pen may not finde where to fasten his
teeth.*

The second part.

EDWARD the 6. King of Eng-
land, Bring me into thy Kingdom,
free this Kingdome from Antichrist
and keepe thine Elect in it.

Cranmer

Cranmer Archbishop: Thrusting his hand into the fire: *Thou unworthy hand (saith hee) shalt first burne, I will bee renenged of thee for subscribing for feare of Death to that damned scrowle.*

Latimer Bishop: To one that tempted him to recant, and would not tell him his name: *Well (saith he) Christ hath named thec in that saying, Get thee behinde me Sathan; And being vrged to abiure, I will (saith he) good people, I once sayd in a Sermon in King Edwards time confidently, that Antichrist was for ever expelled England, but God hath shewed mee it was but carnall confidence.*

To Bishop Ridley, going before him to the Stake: *Hauie after as fast as I can follow: wee shall light such a candle by Gods grace in England this day, as I trust shall never bee put out againe.*

To

B

To whom Bishop Ridley: Bee of
good heart Brother, for God will ei-
ther asswage the fury of the flame, or
else strengthen vs to abide it.

Bishop Hooper; to one that ten-
dered a Pardon vpon recantation;
If you loue my Soule away with it, if
you loue my Soule away with it: one
of the Commissioners prayed him
to consider that life is sweet, and
death is bitter; True (saith hee) but
the death to come is more bitter, and
the life to come more sweet; Oh Lord
Christ I am hell, thou art Heauen,
draw me to thee of thy mercy.

John Rogers, to one that told him
hee would change his note at the
fire; If I should trust in my selfe, I
should so doe, but I haue determined to
dye and God is able to inable me.

Being awakened, and bidden to
make hast to Execution, Then (saith
he) shall I not need to tye my poynts.

John

John Philpot, I will pay my vowes
in thee O Smithfield.

Thomas Bilney: I know by sense &
Phylosophie, that fire is hot and bur-
ning painfull, but by faith I know it
shall onely waste the stubble of my bo-
dy, & purge my spirit of it corruption.

Glouer to Augustine Brenner: He
is come, He is come, meaning the
Comforter Gods Spirit.

John Bradford : embracing the
Reeds and fagots sayd; Strait is
the way, and narrow is the gate, and
few that finde it. And speaking to
his fellow Martyr: Bee of good com-
fort Brother, for wee shall haue a
merry Supper with the Lord this
night; if there be any way to heauen on
Horsebacke, or in fiery Chariots, this
is it.

Lawrence Saunders: I was in
prison till got into prison, and now
(sayes he kissing the stake) welcome
the

The Liuing speeches

the croffe of Christ, welcome euerlasting life: my Sauour began to me in a bitter Cup, & shal I not pledge him?

John Lambert: none but Christ, none but Christ.

Baynam, Behold you Papists that looke for myracles, I feeie no more paine in the fire then if I were in a bed of downe, it is as sweet to mee as a bed of Roses.

Hugh Lauerocke comforting John A Pryce his fellow-Martyr, said vnto him: Bee of good comfort my Brother, for my Lord of London is our good Physician, he will cure thee of all thy blindnesse, and me of my lamenesse this day.

William Hunter to his Mother, For a momentany payne I shall haue a crowne of life, & may not you be glad of that? To whom shée answered, I count my selfe happy that bare such a Champion for Christ: and thee as well

well bestowed as any childe that ever
I bare.

Adam Damilip to his fellow-prisoners, wondring at his cheerefull Supping and behaviour after the message of his execution: *Why (quoth hee) thinke you I haue beene so long in the Marshalsea, and haue not learned to dye?* And when they told him his quarters shoule bee hanged vp; then (said he) shall I need take no thought for buriall.

Priest's wife to one offering her money, *I am now going to a Countray where money beares no Mastery:* when sentence was read; *Now haue I gotten that which many a day I haue sought for.*

Kirby to Master Wingfield pitty-ing him: *Be at my burning and you shall see, and say, there is a Souldier of Christ: I know fire, water and sword are in his hands, that will not suffer them*

The Liuing speeches

them to separate me from him.

Doctor Taylor; I shall this day
deceive the wormes in Hadly Church
yard, and fetching a leape or two
when hee came within two miles
of Hadley, Now (saith hee) lacke I
but two Stiles, and I am euен at my
Fathers house.

Walter Mill vrged to recant at
the Stake; I am no chaffe, but corne
I will abide Wind and Flayle, by Gods
grace.

Bishop Farrar, to a Knights Son
bemoaning his death: If you see me
firre in the fire, trust not my doctrines.
And so hee stood holding vp his
stumps, till one Gruell stooke him
downe with a staffe.

Rawlings to the Bishops: Raw-
lings you left me, Rawlings you finde
mee, and so by Gods grace I will dye.

John Ardley, If every baire of
my head were a man, it should suffer
death

death in the faith I now stand in.
The like Agnes Stanley, and William Sparrow.

Thomas Hawkes, being desired to give a signe, whether the fire was tollerable to be borne, promised it to his friends: and after all expectation was past, hee lift vp his hands halfe burned, and being on a light fire, with great reioycing, striketh them three times together.

Lawrence Ghest to his wife meeting him with seauen children on her hand: Be not a blocke to me in the way, now I am in a good course, and neere the marke.

The Lady Jane Grey requested by the Lieutenant of the Towre to write her Symbole in his book before her beheading, wrote this, Let the glasse condition of this life never deceiue thee, There is a time to bee borne, a time to dye; But the day of

death is better then the day of Birth.

Alice Driuer, when the chain was about her necke: Here is a goodly Neckerchief, God be blessed for it.

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John Noyes kissing the stake: Blessed bee the time that ever I was borne for this day. To his fellow Martyrs; We shal not lose our liues in this Fire, but change them for a better, and for coales haue pearles, &c.

Julius Pelmer: To them that haue the minde linked to the body, as a theeues foote to a payre of stockes, it is hard to dye indeed; but if one bee able to separate soule and body, then by the helpe of Gods spirit it is no more ma- stery for such a one, then for mee to drinke this Cup.

Elizabeth Folkes, embracing the Stake; Farewell all the world, Farewell Faith, Farewell Hope, and wel- come Loue.

Roger Bernard, being threatned whipping,

of Dying Christians.

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whipping, stocking, burning, and we-
red, I am no better then my master
Christ, and the Prophets, which your
Fathers serued after such sort, and I
for his names sake am content to suf-
fer the like at your hands: so imme-
diately he was condemned, and car-
ried to the fire.

Thomas Sampal, offred a pardon
in the midst of the fire: Oh now I
am thus far on my iourney, hinder me
not to finish my race.

Latimer Bishop, when they were
about to set fire to him and Bishop
Ridley, with an amiable coun-
tenance, said these words: God is
faithfull which doth not suffer us to
be tempted aboue our strength.

Bishop Ridley, to Mistris Irish the
Keepers wife, and other friends at
Supper, I pray you be at my Wedding
tomorrow, (at which wordes they
weeping) I perceive you are not so

C² much

The Liuing speeches

much my friends as I tooke you to be.

Tankerfield, when hee had put one Legge into the fire. The Flesh shrinkes and sayes, *Thou foole, wilt thou burne and needest not?* The spirit sayes, *Hell fire is sharper, and will thou aduenture that?* The flesh saies, *Wilt thou leaue thy friends?* The Spirit answers, *Christ and his Saints societie is better.* The flesh saies, *Wilt thou shorten thy life?* The spirit saies, *It is nothing to an eternall life.*

Joyce Lewis, *When I behold the ouglesome face of death, I am afryd, but when I consider Christs amiable Countenance, I take heart againe.*

The third part.

JOHN HVS to a Countreyman
that threwe a Faggot at his
head: *Oh holy Simpliciter, Godlend
thee better light. Toss roste the Goose
now*

now, but a Swanne shall come after mee, and hee shall escape your Fire; Hus a Goose in the Bohemian language, and Luther a Swan.

Hierom of Prague, Make the fire in my sight, for if I had feared it, I had never come hither: while it was making, he sung two Psalms.

Anonimus on his death-bed, Now Flegme doe thy dutie, and stop thou my vitall Artery. Now death doe me that friendly office to rid me of paine, and hasten me to happinesse: To a Friend of his that willed him to have his thoughts on heauen: I am there already.

Claudius Monerius being cauilled at by the Erics for eating a breakefast before his execution. This I doe that the flesh may answere the readines of the Spirit.

Michaela Caignoela, a noble Matron, seeing her Judges looke out of

the windowes, said to her fellow. *Martyrs*: These stay to suffer the torment of their Consciences, and are reserved to iudgment, but we are going to glory and happinesse. And to certaine poore women weeping, and crying, Oh Madam, wee shall never now haue more Almes, Yes hold you (saith she) yet once more; and plucked off her Slippers, and such other of her apparrell, as shee could with modestie spare from the fire.

James Delos, to Monkes that called him proud Heretike; Alas, here I get nothing but shame, I expect indeed preferment hereafter.

Madam la Glee, to one Chavique, that upbraided her for denying the Faith; Your cursed faith is not worthy the name of Faith; she put on her Bracelets, For I goe (said she) to my spouse.

Marlorat to friends that called him

him deceiuer; If I haue seduced any,
God hath seduced me, who cannot lye.

Castilia Rupea, though you throw
my body downe off this steepe hill, yet
will my soule mount upwards againe:
your blasphemyes more offend my
mind, then your torments do my body.

Christopher Marshal of Antwerpe,
I was from eternall a shcepe destined
to the slaughter, and now I goe to the
fiables, gold must be tried in the fire.

Vitus Bressius, If Gods spirit saith
true, I shall straight rest from my la-
bours, my soule is euен taking her
wings to flie to her resting place.

The Duke of Wittemberg and
Lunburgh, Many haue beeene mine
errors and defects in Gouernment,
Lord pardon and couer all in Christ.

Picus Mirandula, If Christs Death
and our owne were euer in eye, how
could we sinne? Death is welcome, not
as an end of trouble, but of sinne.

Martin Luther, *Thhee Oh Christ
hauē I taught, thee hauē I trusted,
thee hauē I loued, into thy hands I
commend my spirit.*

Oecolampadius to one asking if the
light offended him not, *I hauē light
enough here, laying his hand on his
breast; And to the Ministers about
him, Let the light of your lives shine
as well as your Doctrine.*

Francisco Varlute, *Paul and Peter
were more honourable members of
Christ then I, but I am a member; they
had more store of grace then I, but I
have my measure, and therfore sure of
my glory.*

Peter Berger, *I see the heauens
open to receive my Spirit. And be-
holding the multitude at the stake,
Great is the Haruest, Lord send La-
bourers.*

John Mallot a Souldier, *Often
hauē wee hazarded our lives for the
Emperour*

of Dying Christians.

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Emperour Charles the fifth, and that
we now shrinke to dye for the King of
Kings? Let vs follow our Captaine.
John Fillula to his fellowes: By
these Ladders we ascend the heauens,
and begin we to trample underfeet,
Sinne, the World, the Flesh, and the
Devitt.

Thomas Calberg, to the Friers,
willing him to repent at the last
howe: I beleue that I am one of
those Workemen in Christs Vineyard,
and shall presently receive my penny.

Robert Ogners, Sonne, to his Fa-
ther and Mother at the stake with
him: Behold millions of Angells
about vs, and the heauens open to
receive vs. To a Fryer that rayled,
Thy Curseings are Blessings: And to
Noble man that offered him Life
and Promotion: Do you thinke me
such a foole, that I would change eter-
nall things for temporary: To the
people,

The Liuing speeches

people, We suffer as Christians, not as Theeves or Murderers.

Constantine being carried with other Martyrs in a Dungcart to the place of execution: Well (saith hee) yet are we a precious odour, and sweet fauour to God in Christ.

Fran: Sanromanus a Spanyard: Worke your pleasures on my bodie which you have in Chaynes your Captiue: but my soule is euern already in heauen through Faith and Hope, and upon that Cæsar himselfe hath no power.

Joan the Marshals wife of France to her Husband at the Stake with her: Bee of good cheere, our Wedding was but a shadow, an earnest and Contract of that solemne and blessed Mariage which the Lambe will now consummate.

Anne Audebert of Orleance: Blessed bee God for this wedding gir-

dle

alle (meaning the Chaine) My first Marriage was on the Lords day, and now my second to my Spouse & Lord CHRIST shall be on the same.

John Bruger, to a Fryer offring him a wooden crosse at the stake: No (saith he) I haue another true Crosse imposed by Christ on me, which now I will take vp: I worship not the worke of mans hands, but the Son of God; I am content with him for my only Advocate.

Martin Hyperius, Oh what a difference there is betwixt this and eternall fire! who would shun this to leape into that?

Augustine of Hannouia to a Nobleman, perswading him to haue a care of his soule; So I will (saith hee) for I presently will lay downe my body to saue my Conscience whole.

Faninus an Italian kissed the Ap-paritor that brought him word of his

The Living speeches

his execution. To one reminding him of his Children; I haue left ~~the~~ ^{ready;} to an Able & faithfull Guardian. To his friends weeping, that is well done, that you weepe for ioy with me. And to one objecting Christ's agony and sadness to his cheerfulness: Yea (saith he) Christ was sad, that I might be merry; He had my sins, and I haue his merit and righteousness: And to the Fryers offering him a woodden Crucifix, Christ needes not the helpe of this piece to imprint him in my minde and heart, where hee hath his habitation.

George Carpenter, All Bouaria is not so deare to mee as my wife and children, yet for Christ's sake I will forsake them cheerefully.

Adam Wallacke, a Scot, to a tempting Fryer, If an Angell should say that which thou doest, I would not li-
sten to him: is the Fire ready? I am

ready;

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nady; Let no man be offended, no
Disciple is greater then his Master.

John Burgon to his Judges asking
him, if hee would appeale to the
high Court: Is it not enough that
our handes are polluted with our
blood, but you will make more guiltie
of it?

Fredericke Annill of Bearne, to
the Fryers that willed him to call
on the Virgin Mary; three times re-
peated, Thine O Lord is the King-
dome, thine is the power and glory for
ever and euer; Let's fight, Let's fight.
Auaunt Sat'han, Auaunt.

Godfrey Varall of Piedmont; Hang-
man doe thine office, my death will be
fruitfull to my selfe and others.

Halewine of Antwerp and Har-
man of Amsterdam, to the Mark-
grave of Antwerpe, offering miti-
gation of Torments vpon abiurati-
on, We are resolued these momentany
afflictions

The Liuing speeches

afflictions are not worthy that exceeding weight of glory that shall bee revealed. Peter and Nicholas Thiesse brethren, used the like speech.

Anna Burgius in the middest of his torments : *Lord forsake mee not, lest I forsake thee.*

Peter Clarke with the root of his Tongue plucked out, pronounced audibly (to shew that none ever wanted a tongue to praise God) *Blessed be the name of God, as of old Romanus the Martyr, mentioned in Prudentius.*

Godfrey de Hammelle, to one that called him Heretique, *No Heretique but an unprofitable seruant, yet willing to die for his Lord, and reckoning this death no death but a life.*

Bucer, *No man by talke shall withdraw my minde from Christ crucified, from heauen, & my speedy departure, vpon which my soule is fixed. When one*

one aduised him to arme himselfe
against Sathan's temptations ; *Hee
hath nothing to doe with mee : God
forbid but now my soule should be sure
of sweet consolation.*

Tremelius, a Christian Iew, *Let
Christ liue, and Barrabas perish.*

Ferdinand Emperour : *If mine
Ancestors & Predecessors had not dy-
ed, how should I haue been Emperour?
I must that other may succeed me.*

Fredericke the third Elect. Palat.
to his friends about him, wishing
him recovery, *I haue liued enough to
you, let me now liue to my selfe, and
with my Lord Christ.*

Leonard Cæsar : *Oh Lord doe
thou suffer with me, Lord support me
and saue mee.*

Windelmuta, to one that told her
shee had not yet tasted how bitter
Death was : *No (said shee) neither
ever shall I, for so much hath Christ
pro-*

The Liuing speeches

promised, to all that keepe his word,
neither will I forsake him for sweet
life, or bitter death.

Henry Voes, If I had ten heads,
they should all off for Christ. Godfor-
bid I should rejoyce in any thing save
in his Crosse.

The Minister of Brisgo, This skin
which scarce cleaves to my bones,
I must shortly haue layd off by ne-
cessarie, how much more willingly
now for my Saviour Christ.

Adolphus Clarebachius: I be-
lieue there is not a merrier heart
in the world at this instant, then
mine is: Behold, you shall see
mee dye by that Faith I haue
lived.

Alexander Cane: when a fooles
Cappe was put on his head: Can
I haue a greater Honour done me,
then to bee serued as my Lord
CHRIST before Herod? Lord,
seeing

seeing my persecutors haue no mercy,
haue thou mercy on mee, and receive
my soule.

Almondus a Via, My body dyes,
my Spirit liues. Gods Kingdome a-
bides euer. God bath now giuen mee
the accomplishment of all my desires.

Giles Tilman, vrged to know
what hee beleevued of Putgatory.
Purgatorie and hell I leane to you,
but my hope is directly to goe into
Paradise. Neither feare I this great
pyle of Wood, whereof some might
haue beeene spared to warme the poore,
but will passe through it purged for
my Saviour.

Peter Bruse: I thanke God my bro-
ken legge suffered mee not to flye this
Martyrdome.

Marion the wife of Adrian,
seeing the Coffin hooped with I-
ron, wherein shee was to bee bu-
ried aliuie. Haue you prouided this

The Liuing speeches

Pasty-crust to bake my flesh in.

Lewis Paschalis: Its a small matter to dye once for Christ, if it might be, I could wish I might die a thousand deaths for him.

John Buisson: I shall now haue a double gaole deliuary; one out of my sinfull flesh, another from the loathsome Dungeon I haue long lyen in.

Hugh Stalour to John Pike his fellow Martyr; Yet a little while, & wee shall see one another before the Throne, and face of God.

Levine de Blehere, To his friends that offered to rescue him by tumult: Hinder not the Magistrates worke, nor my happiness: Father, thou forswest this Sacrifice from eternall: now accept of it, I pray thee.

Christopher Fabrianus: First bitter, then sweet; first battell, the victory when I am dead; every drop of

my blood shall preach Christ, and set forth his praise.

Francilce Soct: You deprive mee of his life, & promote me to a better, which is, as if you should rob mee of Counters, and furnish me with Gold.

Guy de Bres: The ringing of my chaine hath beene sweet Musick in mine eares: my Prison an excellent Schoole, wherein Gods spirit hath bin my Teacher: all my former Discourses were as a blinde mans of coulers, in comparison of my present feeling. O how a precions Comforter is a good Conscience.

Dionysius Peloquine, To the Inquisitor telling him, his life was now in his owne hands. Then laid hee, It were in an ill keeping. Christ's School hath taught mee to save it by losing it, and not by the gaine of a few dayes, or yeares, to lose Eternitie.

The Liuing speeches

Lewis Marsake Knight, seeing his other brethren goe with Halters about their necks, which they offered not him because of his dignity; *Why I pray you* (quoth hee) *deny me not the Badge and ornement of so excellent an order, is not my cause the same with theirs?* which obtaining, he marched valiantly to the Stake with them.

Simon Lalæus to one Siluester his Executioner; *Never saw I man in all my life whose comming was more welcome to me then thine.* So cheerfull was his death, that Siluester amazed at it, left his office, became a Conuert and a Christian himselfe, went to Geneva for further instruction in the Gospell.

Kilian a Dutch Schoolemister; to such as asked him if hee loued not his wife and children; *Yes* (said hee) *if all the world were golde, and*

were mine to dispose of, I would giue it to live with them, though it were but imprison; yet my soule and Christ are dearer to me then all.

Giles Verdict: *out of my Ashes shall rise innumerable Christians*, which Prophecy, God so verified by the effect, that it grew a byword after his death, that his ashes flewe abroad all the Countrey.

Anthony Verdict brother to the former, condemned to bee eaten with Beasts, to preuent the like Proverbe: sayd to his Father, *Oh Father how hath God enabled you, to haue two Sonnes honoured with Martyrdom.*

John Barbevill, to Fryers that called him ignorant Asse: *Well admit we're so, yet shall my Blood witness against such Balaams as you be.*

Francis Coluer, to his two Sons massacred together with himselfe:

*Sheepe wee are for the slaughter; this
is no new thing, let vs follow millions
of Martyrs through temporall death,
to eternall life.*

By all these which are but an handfull of Christ's Campe Royall, it sufficiently appeares they had their Faith fresh and lively in the face of this graund enemy, and by Vertue of their Faith, their Spirits, Wits, and Tongues, vntroubled, vndismayed; insomuch that an ancient witnessse of the Christian Bishops, that they did more ambitiously desire the glory of Martyrdom, then others did Praelacies and Preferments. And a late mortall enemy of theirs, bade a vengeance on them, for he thought they tooke delight in burning. What then shall wee gaine by them? I remember Master Rongh a Minister, comming from

from the burning of one *Aust^o*, in Smithfield, being asked by Master *Farrar* of Halifax, where hee had bee[n]e, made answere, There where I would not but haue been, for one of my eyes, and would you know where? Forsooth I haue bee[n]e to learne the way: which soone after he made good, by following him in the same place, in the same kinde of death. Now if one President made him so good a Scholler, What dullards and non-proficients are wee? if such a cloud of examples wooke not in vs a cheerefull abilitie to expect and encounter the same aduersary, so often foyled before our eyes. Yet lest any should complaine, that examples without rules, are but a dumb & lame helpe: I will annexe vnto them a payre of Funerall Sermons, opening a couple of Seales reuealed to *John* in his second

second vision: The first, affording vs sundry Meditations of Death and Hell; The second, of Heauen, and the happinesse of such as dye in the Lord, and rest vnder the Altar.

The vse of them I chiefly dedicate and commend to old sicke persons, such e'pecially, as die of lingring diseases, affording them leasure to peruse such themes, though I forbid none, but to all I say, *Come and see.*

THE

THE LIFE OF FAITH
in DEATH.

REVEL. 6. 7. 8.

Exodus 23. Come and see.
And behold a pale horse, and his name
that sat on him was Death, and
Hell followed after him, and power
was giuen unto them, &c.


Come and see. Were it
some stately, some
pleasing, yea or but
some vaine sight such
as Mordecai riding on
the kings Horse in pompe with the
Royall Furniture: or but a compa-
ny of Players, riding through a
Market, A Drum, a Trumpet, or the
least call would serue the turne, to
draw vs out to the sight: but these
being

being serious, yea to nature some-
what hideous and odious Voyces,
like vnto Thunders, are giuen to the
beasts to call beholders. The Cry-
er in the Wildernesse is willed to
cry this Theme aloud in the deafe
eares of men. A *Boanerges* with all
the vehemencie and contention of
his voyce and affections, will be too
little, vnlesse God boare the cares,
open the eyes, and perswade the
hearts of men to *Come and see*. Yet
is it but our folly to be so shye of
this sight, for though it be sad, yet
is it of all the sights vnder the Sun
the most necessary, the most profi-
table; Though we turne away our
faces and close our eies, yet see it we
must, and see it wee shall, neuerthe-
lesse, neuer the sooner, neuer the
later. Nay the truth is, see it wee
never shall, but with closed eyes.
Thou tender faynt-hearted man or
woman

woman that art so loath to meeete
with a Corps or Beere, to see a scull
or any thing that minds thee of
death, shalt thou by this means pro-
tract or escape thy Death? No, let
mee tell thee prævision is the best
preuention, and præmonition the
best præmunition. That which is
commonly receiued of the *Basi-
liske*, is here no conceited Story,
but a serious truth. He that sees it
before he be seene of it, may auoyd
the deadly poyson of it. Hee that
sees it before it comes, shal not see it
when it comes. He that manageth
an horse at an armed stake, fits him
to rush into the maine Battell with-
out feare. And wouldest thou with
Joseph of Aramathea, walk every
day a turn or two with death in thy
Garden, and well foreacquaint thy
selfe therewithall, thou shouldest
haue, if not *Enochs*, yet every true
beleeuers

The life of Faith

beleeuers Priuiledge, not to see Death, not to tast of Death, viz. in that ougly forme, distastful manner, which other the sonnes of Adam doe, who because they will not see the face of it, must feele the sting of it. To dye well and cheerfully is too busie a worke to be well done *ex tempore*. The Foundation of Death must bee layd in life. Hee that meanes, and desires to dye well, must dye daily. Hee that would end his daies well, must spend them well, the one will helpe the other. The thoughts of thy ende as the trayne of the Fowle, & Rudder of a Ship will guide thy life, & a good Life will lead thee to a peaceable end, that thou shalt neither shame or feare to dye. In a word, *Platoes* Phylosophy in this, is true Diuinitie, that the best meane and whole summe of a wise mans life, is the

Com-

Commentation of Death, not eue-
ry flit and flitting flash, but fre-
quent and fixed contemplations.
Death is the knownest and vn-
knownest thing in the world: that
of which men haue the most
thoughts and fewest Meditations.
Be therefore perswaded to *Come*
and see: that is, come that thou
mayest see. Come from other ob-
jects, infinite and vaine spectacles,
with which the eye is neuer glut-
ted. Draw neere and close to this
that thou maist see it throughly.
Wipe off the clay, Spittle, & Scales
of thine eyes, that thou mayest
clearly behold the nature, quality,
and consequents of Death. No
mortall wight but hath some blu-
shes of mortality, such as goe and
come, but if they would suffer them
to lodge in their mindes, they must
needes stirre some affection, and
leauue

The life of Faith

leaue some impression in the memory, and produce some effects in their lives. *Socrates* had a gift that he could fasten his eyes many hours on one object without change or wearinesse: Hafse so stayed a thought of ones mortalitie, might bring a man to immortalitie. It is not beautie seene, but looked on that wounds. I meet with a Story of one that gaue a young Prodigall a ring with a Deaths head, with this condition, that he should one houre daily for seauen dayes together look and thinke vpon it: which bred a strange alteration in his life, like that of *Thesposius* in *Plutarke*, or that more remarkable, of *Waldus* the rich Merchant in *Lyons*, who seeing one drop downe dead in the streets before him, went home, repented, changed his life, studied the Scripture, and became a worthy

worthy Preacher, Father, and Founder of the Christians called *Waldenses*, or poore men of *Lyons*. In Conference and Confessions many one hath acknowledged to my selfe the like: some that by dangerous sicknesse of their owne, others that by feare of infection in times of the Plague, and generall Visitation, others by the death of friends, as by shafts that haue fallen neere them, haue beene awakned, affrighted, and occasioned to thinke deepli on their ends, to prouide against their ends, to attend the Word, which hath proued the meane of their conuersion and saluation. And this I thinke should bee enough to perwade young and old, one and another to *Come and see*.

But what now are wee come out to see?

Behold, First the Seale opened.

Secondly,

Secondly, the Horse issuing out.
Thirdly, the Colour of the Horse.

Fourthly, the Rider and his followers. *Death and Hell.*

This horse is vnder seale. Seales w^eys commonly to confirme and conceale, to make things sure and to keepe things secret. And thus Death as all Gods iudgments are said to be sealed. *Job. 33.* and that with a firmer seale then of the *Medes & Persians*: In which seale this Horse. *Zach. 4.* issueth from betweene two brasen mountaines, that is Gods, Inevitable, vnalterable Decree: hee rusheth not out, rangeth not abroad at the will of man or Satan, at hap or by blinde Destiny, but at the pleasure and by the appointment of the great Master of these Gods horses, *Jesus Christ*, one of whose chiefe royalties

ties is to keepeth the locke and key of Death and Hell, *Reuel.* r. else would hee be euer trampling vnder feete the sonnes of men. Looke how naturally, and continually the Sea would ouerwhelme the whole Earth if the waves were not bounded by prouidence: So would this horse ouercome the inhabitants of it, were he not tyed short, and restrained by his, & our Lord. You see him here limited to the fourth part of the Earth, else had not one been left alive: For all are sentenced and haue deserued to dye, and it is fauor that all dye not. In a word men dye not by chance, course of Nature, influence of Starres, but then and therefore because it is appointed. A million of *Ethiopians* perish in one day, in one battell, *2. Corinth.* 14. not because all were borne vnder one aspect of Planets,

but because such a slaughter was
sealed of God. And though there
bee one way in, and twenty out of
the world, yet all falls out as God
determines and disposeth. That
Christian which beleuees this,
though hee may desire *Danids* A-
rithmetick to number his dayes
aright, that is, to know the brevity
of them: yet will hee neuer study
the blacke and fencelesse Art of
calculating his birth and death.
None but fooles are curious and in-
quisitiue to know that, which is vnder
Gods priuy Signet. Wee are
all as Souldiers sent to Sea with
Commission vnder seale, not to be
opened till wee come to such and
such a point. To guesse and con-
clude, wee shall dye at such an age,
in such a Climatericall yeere, what
is it but to make a league with
Death, not vnlke to that frenzie
Merchant

Merchant that would make and
strike vp marches of hundreds and
thousands with parties absent as if
they were present. A fond itching
humour, and such as would for the
most part (what euer wee thinke)
doe vs hurt rather then good: if the
day and houre were farre off, it
would breed securitie: if neere
hand,horror. Sickneses are suffi-
cient summonses and warnings. Marke
such as sentenced by Judges and
Physitians fore- know their death,
yet without speciall grace fore-fit
themselues never the more careful-
ly. Some deaths indeede (as some
Clockes) give warning before they
strike, with symptomes and
signes infallible: and so extraordi-
narily God giues to some *Moses*
and *Hezekiah* a presage, and hears
to prepare: but generally God hath
seen this the best for vs, that it

E 2 should

Should be for the generall most certaine, for the particular most vncertaine, to him sealed, to vs concealed: of which hee would haue vs make these vses.

First, for our bodily health not to bee too carefull, nor too carelesse: with all our Physicall dyet and miserable anxietie, wee cannot adde one cubit to the length or our dayes, or measure of our health. Wee are all sealed vp no otherwise then the measure of our wealth, of our crosses and blessings, for the hauing or auoyding of which, the meanes we must vs without caring care or cowardly feare, cheerfully relying on Christ, the Lord Keeper of the Seale, not wittingly and desperately preuenting that sealed date by surfeits, of toyle or pleasure, by wilfull neglect of dyet, contempt of Physicke, by griefe or by

melan-

melancholy : nay, not by haste to glory with *Cleombrotus* the heathen, or with hasty selfe-murthe-ring Christians, such as *Augustines* times were full off: but with *Job* patiently all the dayes of our life, during the terme of our sealed lease, till the very day and date expire, and appointed time of dismission and dissolution come.

And secondly for our soules provision, not to doe asmost that haue set dayes of truce and peace, and in which they hang vp their Armour a rusting, and their Beakons vnwatched: but as people that live in perpetuall hazard of war, haue all things in a dayly readinesse for seruice at halfe an howers warning, vpon the least Alarum: who would liue one howre in infidelitie or irrepentance, lest in that hee be taken napping as the foolish Virgins, and

that rich foole that reckoned of many yeares, & had not one night to continue. Grant it were enough to repent and beleue the last day of life, yet how can a man bee sure to doe that, vniuersall he doe it euery day: considering that euery day may for ought he knowes, be the last. The seale may bee opened in a day and hower one least thinkes of it, as it is to most that dye.

Lastly, when euer this horse comes to fetch away vs, or any of ours, children, or friends: A belieuer stamps not, and rages not, as madde Marshall *Biron*: murmures not, repines not, as the wild Irishmen without hope: expostulates not with despitie, as *Alexander* for his *Hephestion*: but with *Aaron*, layes his hand on his heart and mouth for his sonnes suddaine Death, knowing what God hath sealed,

sealed, shall be and must bee. If the Dreames of a blind fatall necessity could quiet Heathens, how much more should a Christian be chearful at the disposall of a wise and louing keeper of the Seale. A minute sooner or later it shall not bee, then he hath fore-seene and fore-sealed for thy especiall good, who hath times, & seasons, & seales, in his ordinati-
on. Worthy was the speach and resolution of an vnderstanding Di-
vine. If Christ hath the key and seale of Death, then a figge for Death. This though it be an ordinary notion, yet well digested, it is a singular stay to a beleeuuer.

The Seale being thus opened,
*Come and see the Creature that is-
sues forth. Behold an Horse, a fierce,
a strong, a warlike, a speedy Crea-
ture, so described by God himselfe,*
Job 39.

Looke therefore how easily *Ie-
bu* stamped *Iezabell* into peeces:
and *Tamberlaine* his Troupes of
Horse the Turkish foote-men, or as
the sturdie Steede dashes out the
little Whappets braines, so easily
doth Death with the least kicke and
spurne of his Heele the hayleſt
Complexion, the stoutest Conſi-
tution, tryumphing like an Em-
perour ouer all ſorts of people, trea-
ding in the neckes of Kings and
princes, as *Iefua* ouer the in the *Cane*
insulting in the tearmes of *Rabſha-
keh*, Where is *Hamath*? the Kings
of *Arphad*, *Iuah*, and *Sepharuaim*?
Elam, *Meshech*, and *Tabal*, whose
feare was vpon the liuing, are they
not descended into the graue? made
their beds in the ſlimy valley, and
layed their Swords vnder their
heads? Where is *Goliah* with his
brazen Bootes? Hath wiſedome de-
liuered

liu'ered, Strength rescued, or wealth
ransomed any out of my fingers? For all their Confidence, have they
not gone to the King of feare? How
can it bee otherwise, seeing Death
comes as an armed Horseman, vp-
on naked Footmen: no encoun-
tring, no resistāce, no running away,
no euasion by flight. This winged
Pegasus postes and speeds after
men, easily giues them Law, fetches
them vp againe, gallops and swal-
lowes the ground he goes, sets out
after euery man as soone as hee
comes into the world, and playes
with him, as the Catte with the
Mouse, as the Grey hound with
the Badger, sometimes he followes
faire and a farre off, lingers aloofe
and out of sight: anon hee spurres
after, and by and by is at the heeles
in some sicknesse, and then it may
bee giues vs some breath againe,
but

but in the end ouertakes vs, and is vpon vs with a Ierke, as the snare ouer the fish, or the Foule. *Absolen* could not outride him: *Pharaohs* Chariot wheeles fell off in this chase. *Ionathan* and *Saul*, Swift as the Egles, strong as the Lyon, yet how were they slaine with the mighty? what then is the course the Christian takes? He neither foolishly thinkes to resist, or escape, nor yet cowardly swounds, or crauenly yeelds: but as a valiant footman that espies an Horseman pursue him in a Champion, stayes not till he come vpon him, but addresseth himselfe for the encounter: so does a Christian in his best health and prosperity, put on his armour, get him the Helmet of Saluation, the Shield of Faith, and learneth the vse of them betimes, before he be vnappt to it in sicknesse or age.

As

As the Parthians teach their verie Children to handle the Bow, the Scythians the Dart, the Germans the Speare: and so it comes to passe, that beleuers are not surprised, as worldlings often are, with milke but in their breasts, without Oyle in their Lamps, and all in vaine then fondly cry out to this Horseman to stay his stroake. As the rich foole *Gregorie* relates of, who entreated Death to stay till the next morning, Truce but till to morrow, and I will be ready for thee. A Christian wisely considereth, that he hath no morrow, and therefore while it is called to day, is ready for this Horse, who neuer sets any certaine day of his coming.

Behold also the colour of this Horse $\chi\lambda\omega\pi\Theta$, the colour of the withering leafe, pale and wan: Symbolizing

bolizing and noting the effect hee hath first vpon the liuing, whom hee appalles, as hee did *Balaſhar*, whome all his Concubines and Courtiers could not cheere, nor all his wine in the bowles of the Temple fetch colour into his countenance. See we not often prisoners at the barre wan away, and dye as white as a cloth at the Sentence of death pronounced on them. Many gulls and gallants we may heare sometimes flight off death with a iest, when they thinke it out of hearing, and some wish it and call for it, as *Gaal* for *Abimelech*, but when it comes in good earnest, they are not able to looke it in the face, with the bloud in their checks. Some foolishly set a face on the matter, on their death-beds, lest neighbours should censure when they are gone for Cowards : hypocritically pain-
ting

ting their faces as *Iezabel* did, af-
fronting *Iehu* out of the window,
God knowes with a cold heart, and
if her paint had bin off, a pale face
should one haue seen vnderneath it.
Whereas Christians having a good
measure of faith to warme them at
the heart, change not their counte-
nance nor haue their colour any
whit abated, but as is recorded of
Mistris *Joyce Lewis* at the stake, and
sundry other Christians, euen of
the fearfulllest by nature and sex,
looked as fresh and cheerfully at the
houre of death, as at their mariage.

A second effect of this pale horse
is after death, bereauing the bodies
of all bloud and colour, making
them liuelesse and wan carkaſes, and
ſo layes them a rotting and moul-
dring among the wormes their fi-
ſters, till the fashion of them be vt-
terly altred, the beauty consumed,
and

and shape turned into rotteness. Oh how grievous is this to such *Absoloms, Iezebels, and Rosamonds*, haue set much by their painted sheathes and pampered Carkases, whose belly is their God, and yet their end must be corruption. Dust they were, and to dust they must returne. Fauour is deceitfull, and beautie is vanitic, when the pale Horse comes, there is no remedy. Here only Faith hath an Antidote comforting her selfe with these sayings: This base & vile body of mine must be thus serued, that it may be transfigured and made conformable to the glorious Standart Christ's body, more glorious then the Sun in his brightest hew. It must thus be sowne in pale ignominy, that it may rise in glorious beautie. What if I lose a little Vermillion red mixture of Fleame and Sanguine, shall I not

not recover a radiant resplendāt lūre? Can the Alchimist with his Art, cause a dry whithered floure to shew it selfe againe for a space in naturall verdant shape and colour: and cannot God that made mee first of Clay, and that Clay of nothing, reduce and refine the same after it hath bin in the Earth? as the Chynois doe the materialls of their curious dishes for many scores of yeares, that when it is throughly deficate, their posteritie may temperand frame some vessell of excellent seruice withall. Certainly my Redeemer liueth, and with these eyesl shall see him, as hee is most admirable to behold, and my selfe like vnto him in my degree. Tenne thousand times more comely, then is heere possible to imagine, the most personable Creature that euer the Sunne saw: when the body shall

shall be enriched with those excellent Dowries of Impassibilitie, Claritie, Subtiltie, Agilitie.

Oh, but heres yet a more fearefull spectacle behind, then all that hath yet come in sight. Hell, euen Hell it selfe in the worst sense, not the graue of the body, but of the soule. For *John* sees here principally the Iudgment of the wicked, that were slaine for the contempt of the Gospell, by the pale Horse, for not yeelding to the White and his crowned Rider. And their woffull state is heere opposed to the happy condition of the Martyrs vnder the Altar.

Well then, behold also, euen Hell the page and follower of Death, attending him where euer he goes among the wicked sort. Whence it is that they are so often coupled in this booke *Death and Hell*. Looke

as the Foxes wayte vpon Lyons,
carrion Crowes vpon armies, Gao-
lers on Serieants for a prey: so dili-
gently does the deuill on death for
a booty. No fowler does more
cunningly stalke behind the Horse,
or creep behinde brakes or hedges,
to get his ayme at the shye Fowles.
No Serieant hides his Mase, no
Angles his hooke more warily,
knowing that else Hell should never
swallow so many.

Alacke, alacke, wee silly Fish see
one another caught, and ierckt out
of the Pond, but see not the fire and
Frying panne into which they
come. In this consists the Deuills
chiefest policie, and our grossest sim-
plicity, and euen this is the cause of
our softish and foolish liuing and
dying.

Oh that my head were a Foun-
taine of teares, to weepe for, and

F bewayle

bewayle the stupiditie, yea the desperate madnesse of infinite sorts of people that rush vpon Death, and chop into Hell blindling. How bruitish and beastly are the premisses and conclusion of the Epicure and his brood, Let vs eate and drinke, for to morrow we shall dye. Who knowes whether the soule of the beast descend, and mans ascend, who euer saw the one goe downeward and the other vpward, and then what matter if the life of the one differ not from the other? What need a man care whether he be a Sadduces Swine, an Epicures Horse, or himselfe? The one many times hath lesse care, and more pleasure then the other, if Death bee the last line, the full point, and finall cessation of the Creature. These Bruits thanke Phylosophie that hath taught them not to feare any such

such Hobgoblin spirits, or old Wiues tales, as Hell. But such Philosophie *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the wiser sort even of the Heathen haue hissed out of Schooles as beliue. Yea, the most savage and vnlierted people, the lesse soiled with Art, the more confidently doe they out of Natures instinct, and diuine impression, conclude of an eternall place of well and ill being after death for the soules of men. But these Monsters wilfully shut their eyes, deface and obliterate these stamps, and principles of nature, and so dance hood-winkt into perdition. Miserable it is to see how boldly and blindly they thinke and venture on Death: *Theramenes*, he writes Bookes in praise of Death, as the end of all calamities. *Augustus*, hee dyes in a iest, calling for a Plaudite. *Tiberius* in dissimulation. *Di-*

ogenes hearing *Antisthenes* cry out
in his paines, Who shall eale mee?
offers him a knife to dispatch him-
selfe withall. *Caninus* called to ex-
ecution, bids his Fellow remember
hee had the best of the Game. The
Earle of *Kildare* seeing his Writ of
Death brought in when hee was at
showelboard, throws his cast with
this in his mouth: Whatsoeuer
that is, this is for a huddle. Little
list would these blind bayards haue
for such idle mirth, if their eyes
were opened to see this follower of
Death. How pittifull is the fren-
zie of those brane Spirits, as they
decme and terme themselues (as
much as they scorne pitie) our duell-
ists I meane, who as if they never
had heard of Hell, are as produ-
gall of their liues, as Cockes or
Dogs are of theirs, a powring them
out vpon euery drunken quarrell, I
pittie

pittie not the losse or misse of such, good for little but to set in the front of a Battell, or to stop breaches and Canons withall: but I pitie the losse of their soules, who serue themselues, as the Iesuite in Lancashire, followcd by one that found his Glove, with a desire to restore it to him: but pursued inwardly with a guiltie conscience, leapes ouer an Hedge, plunges into a Marlepit behind it vnscene and vnthought of, wherein hee was drowned. I maruell not, that they feare not a Rapier, or Pistoll: who would not chuse it before a linging & painfull sicknes, were it not for the after-claps of death? No Coward need feare the encounter of it alone in a single combat. But Death hath a Second, a Page tenne times more dreadful then himselfe, with whom wee haue to begin,

when we haue done with Death, which is but the beginning of sorowes. Death is pale, but his follower is a blacke Fellow, a terrible monster neuer enough feared. In which respect, how lamentable also is the blindnesse of all selfe-murderers, who make Death the remedie of euery griefe, and cure of every violent passion: If they finde themselves inwardly vexed, or perplexed in Conscience, they seeke Death as a present easie; not considering how they leape out of the smoake into the flame, out of the flame into the fire, out of a curable momentany disturbance, into an endles irrecoverable woe, (without the extraordinary mercy of God) to which vsually the Deuill speeds them, that hee might get them into his clutches, and so passe out of doubt, all meanes of preuention and euasion
by

by Faith and Repentance.

Oh senseles *Achitophel*, how did thy wisdome fayle and befoole thee, when thou settest thine house in order, and dispositest of thy goods, forgettest thy soule, hangest thy selfe, which durst thou, or wouldest thou haue done, had but one beleeving thought of an eter-nall fire come into thy head? How blockish is the manner of dying of many a *Nabal*, who stricken with the feare of Death and Hell, become as insensate as strockes and stones, haue no minde nor power to thinke of one thing or other: Cannot abide to heare any mention of the danger of that which they feare, whose senses the Deuill bewitches and benumms, lest they should see and auoyde? Such was *Lewis the eleuenth*, Who straightlie charged his Seruants,

that when they saw him sicke, they should never once dare to name that bitter word Death in his eares. So doe Cowards and Crauens shut their eyes, and chuse rather to feele blowes, then to see and shun them.

Little better is the common course that most people take. Scared some are with a confused, and preposterous feare of Death, and flashes of Hell in their Consciences, and yet take no course to get pardon and faith in C H R I S T : but either taking it to bee some melancholly humour, send for merry companions to diue it away: or being giuen vp to hardnesse of heart and impenitencie, wilfully shake off all thoughts of repentance, shut their eyes and eares against all good aduise, and desperately put all at aduentures, and chop into the jawes of

of that roaring Lyon. Some of them ridiculously fearing Death, they knowe not why, more for the pangs of it (which often are lesse then the Tooth-ake) then for the Hel following: like fooles that feare the thunder cracke, & not the Bolt; the Report of the Peece, and not the Bullet; the Serieants arrest, and not the Gaolers Imprisonment: Labour to escape death which they cannot, and Hell which they might. Others of them scared with some terrible apparisions, affrighted, as Cardinall *Crescentius* a little before his death with a blacke Dog in his Chamber. A Presage and Preludium of Hell approaching: they crie out they are damned, the Deuill, the Deuill, doe they not see him, &c. And so *Spira*-like, desperately, and disconsolately depart in hellish horrour. Other of them a little

little wiser, and yet little the better for it, admit a cold thought or two, and it may bee a little parley about the matter, but when they haue fetched a sigh or two, put all vpon a Lord haue mercie on them: trust it shall goe as well with them as with others, euen as God will haue it: & thinke they doe much if they send to a Minister to pray with them or for them: never giuing all diligence to make their saluation sure, and to escape so great a condemnation.

Oh if wee could consider how fearefully such finde themselues deluded, when their soules awake, worse then *Jonas* in the Tempest, euen in a gulfe of fire & brimstone: How would it awaken and arouse vs to fore-see Death and Hell in their shapes, and to fore-appoint our selues throughlie, not against the

the first Death which wee cannot, but against the second wee may, if we get our part in the first resurrection.

This Text, mee thinkes speaks to euery sicke man bound on his bedde with the Cords of Death, as *Dalilath to Sampson*: Up and arise, for the Philistimes are at hand. Death is at the doore, and behinde the doore, the Fiends wait to fetch away thy soule. *Bellarmino* is of opinion, that one glympse of Hell were enough to make a man not onely turne Christian and sober, but Anchorite and Monke, to liue after the strictest rule that can be. I am of beliefe, that Gods spirit cooperating a thorow meditati. on of it, might bee a meane to keep one from it. For a man to wish to have a sight of it, or that one might come thence and make report of

the

the vntollerable and vnutterable
paines of it is superfluous, supersti-
tious: and if it should bee granted,
yet being not Gods ordinance and
allowance, it might goe without
his blessing, and doe one no good.
Thy best course is well to ponder
what wee that are Gods Ministers
report of it, out of *Moses*, the Pro-
phets, Christ, and the Apostles de-
scriptions. And if God meane thee
any good, our warning may doe
thee some good. Popish writers
are too bold in making Maps of
Heauen and Hell, as if they had sur-
veyed them and their regions, and
inhabitants: but most I thinke are
on the other hand too breefe and
summarie in their meditations and
writings. To paint it in it owne na-
tive colours is impossible, or by a
ny contemplation to comprehend
the horror of it. Shadowes and
parables

parables the Scripture useth, by which thou mayest and oughtest to help thy conjectures, and to worke on thy affections withall, after this or the like manner.

Hete God hath allowed thee on his earth a pleasant habitation, commodiously situate in a good Ayre, richly decked with furniture, compassed with delightfull Gardens, Orchards and Fields, where thou hast liberty to walke and ride at thy pleasure. How wold it trouble thee to thinke of being layd vp all thy life in some streight and loathsome prison, by this consideration how ill thou wilt brooke to bee cast into a dolefull disconsolate Dungeon, to lye in utter darkenesse blackenesse of darckenesse in eternall chaines, in little ease for euer.

Here a great part of thy contentment

tentment, is to liue among good Neighbours with a louing wife, with cheerefull companions: and loath thou art at any time to bee long in the house of mourning, to bee among melancholy malecontented, complaining feeble or brawling people in Hospitalls, or bridwels, or bedlamis. How wil then thine eares indure to be tyred with continuall howling, scratching and gnashing of teeth, to liue among Dogges, Enchanters, vncleane Birds, reprobate Spirits, worse then so many Toads, Tygers or Serpents.

Hereif thy Father should in displeasure bid get thee out of sight, or thy Prince banish thee his court and presence, as *David* did *Absolon*, for some offence, thou wouldest take it heauily: how shall thine eares tingle to heare God say, Depart out of my presence, Goe thou

cursed

cursed into the lake prepared for the Deuill and his Angels.

Here thou shrinkest to thinke of the gout, collicke, stone, or strangurian, shiuarest to heare of the strap-pado, the racke, or the Lawne, how then wilt thou beare vniuersall tortures in all the parts of thy body, exquisite anguish and paines, such as of which the pangs of child-birth, burnings of materiall fire and brimstone, gnawings of chest-wormes, drinke of Gall and Wormwood are but shaddowes; and to which they are all but sports and fleabitings, euен to the tormentes thy body shall suffer for it sinnes against the Creator.

But hast thou euer here in this world tasted of a troubled spirit, of the grieve and feares of a wounded Conscience, possest with bitter things : strucken and pierced with

with the venom of Gods arrowes, feares of the Almighty : by these thou mayst make the best gesse how it will fare with thy soule when God shall powre all the vials of his wrath into a vessell of his fury, and vexe thy soule in his sore displeasure, scourge thee with the rods of scorpions, make thee druncke with the gall of Aspes and Cockatrice, make thy minde heauy vnto the death, holding it euer in those Agonies, which made his owne Son swcate cloddes of water and blood. Oh how fearefull a thing is it to fall into the hands of God who is a consuming fire. Thinke of it whiles there is hope, you that forget God, Heauen, and Hell, lest you come therewhere there is no redemption, no hope of ease or end, which is that that makes Hell, Hell indeed: For if these paines might haue an end,

end, were it after million and millions of yeares, as many as there be sands in the Sea shore, yet migh-
test thou nourish some miserable comfort of a release in the long
runner: but this night hath no
day, this Ague no intermission,
this death no death to end it withal.

Here thou wouldest bee loath to
lye on the Racke from morning to
night, to be wroung with the Col-
lick for a few dayes or hours, to be
haunted with a Quartan from Mi-
chael to Ester: Oh then adde eter-
nity to insupportable torments,
and let thine eares tingle, and thine
hart melt to think of it. Were it not
for hope in small pressures, wee say
heart wold burst. Oh then this
word ever and ever, if thou couldest
duly beleue and consider it, how
would it breake that hard heart of
thine, which knowes not how to

G repent,

repent, nor cares to preuent the wrath to come.

What thinkest thou, are these things tales and fables, is Hell but a name and word, a scarbug for to keepe fooles in awe ? Hath not God, thinkest thou, a day of reckoning, a prison and power to punish Rebels and Traitors, or are not his punishments like to his Iustice, infinite and eternall ? Know these things to be as true as God is truth, saue that they are short of the truth it selfe. Why dost thou not then take thy soule apart, and ruminate of these things by thy selfe, judging thy selfe here, that thou mayst not bee condemned in the world to come ? Art thou affraid of a melancholy fit, and fearest thou not this gulfe, and whirlpoole, and sorrow ? Art thou not loath to bee tormented before thy time, and fearest not

not to bee tormented time without end. I wonder how the soules of wicked men and vnbeleeuers goe not out of their bodies, as the deuils out of demoniaks, rending, raging, tearing, and foaming. I wonder how any can dye in their wits, that dye not in the faith of our Lord Christ. Verily if these things moue thee not, thou art in a worse plight then *Fælix* and *Baltashar*; yea the verie Deuils themselues, who beleeue them; yea quake and tremble to thinke of them. How faine would I snatch thy soule out of this fire? vndoubtedlye know, that if this warning doe thee no good, it is because thou art of old, iustlie ordained to perish in thy impenitency, and to be a fire-brand in these everlasting flantes. Now on the contrarie, if thou beest a vessell of mercie and honour, it will doe thee

no hurt, but drieue thee to Christ, in whom there is no condemnation: who onelie is perfectlie able to save and deliuer thee out of this Lake. If thou beest alreadie in him, it will cause thee to rejoyce in thy Lord and Sauiour, who hath deliuered thee from the feare of two such enemies that now thou mayst with the Ostrich in *Job* despise the horse and his rider, and triumph by Faith ouer Hell and Death: *O Death where is thy sting! O Hell where is thy victorie!* Death is to men as he that comes attended: To *Diues* he comes followed with Diuels, to carrie his soule to Hell: To *Lazarus* with troopes of Angels to conuey him to *Abrahams* bosome. So that wee may in earnest say, that Death is the Atheists feare, and the Christians desire. *Diogenes* could iestingly call it, *The Rich mans*

mans enemy, and the Poore mans friend. This, this is that which makes death so easie, so familiar and dreadlesse to a beleauer; he sees Death indeede, but Death is not Death without Hell follow him: and Hell hee sees not, but onely as escaped and vanquished, and therefore is said not to see Death. Now (sayes the beleauer) comes death and the Prince of this world with him: but hee hath no part in mee: all the bitternesse and teares of death lye in the feare of Hell, which, thanks be to Christ hath nothing to doe with mee, nor I with it, therefore I taste not of death: now comes God Sergeant pale deathly (whom I know I cannot avoyde: but this I know, hee comes not to arrest me, to carry me to prison, but only to invite me to a feast, attend and conuey me thither. Let

G 3 such

such feare him as are in debt and danger, mine are all discharged and cancelled: he comes with his horse to take vp mee behind him, and to fetch me to my fathers ioyes, to a Paradice as full of pleasures, as hee carries the wicked to a prison full of paines. *Pharaohs* Baker and Butler were sent for out of prison, the one to promotion, the other to execution: he that had the ill dreame, expected the messenger with horrour, the other longed for him with comfort. The latter is my case, therefore though I be reasonably well in this world, as a child at board, yet home is home, therefore will I waite till this pale horse comes, and bid him heartily welcome: and with him the Angels of my Father, who haue a charge to lay my body in a bed of rest, and to bestow my soule vnder the altar,

as

as it followes in the next seale, which is so pleasing a vision, that we need no voyce or preface, such as we had in the former inviting vs to *Come and see*: the very excellency of the obie & it selfe is of force enough to draw, and hold the eyes of our mindes vnto it.



The second Sermon.

VERSE 9. *And when hee had opened the first Seale, I saw under the Altar the Soules, &c.*

He Death hath beene viewed in the palest, and Hell in the blackest colors that maybe, yet if we haue Faith enough to see soules in their white

roabes vnder the Altar : there is comfort enough against the horror of both; enough to inable the beeueer to despise and trample ouer them both. In the opening of this fift Seale, I hope to finde more solid Antidotes, more lively Cordials, against the feare of Death, then in all the dead and drie preceptis of *Bellarmines* doting Art of dying. For this part of the vision was shewed *John* of purpose to sweeten the harshnesse of the former : that his spirit grieved and amazed with the sight of the calamities and mortalitie vnder the persecuting Butchers rather then Emperors, might yet be reliuied and refiested with a sight of the blessed estate of such as dyed either in, or for the Lord.

Wherin was proposed to his sight, and to our consideration these seperals. First, the immortal substa-

subſtance of ſoules after their ſe-
paration from the body. Secondly,
their ſure and ſecure condition
vnder the Altar. Thirdly, their
dignity and felicitie clothed with
white robes. Fourthly, their com-
plete happiness at the laſt day,
when the number of their brethe-
ren ſhall bee accomplished.

¶ Of all theſe, Christ meant *John*
ſhould take notice, and all beleevers
by his testimony, to their full con-
ſolation.

¶ First, *John* being in the ſpirit
could ſee ſpirits, men indeed clad
in flesh, can hardly imagine how a
ſoule can haue exiſtence out of the
fleſh. Eagles can ſee that which
Owles cannot: ſo is that viſible and
credible to a ſpirituall man, which
to a naturall is inuiſible, iheredible.
And yet enchi[n]atureſ dimme eyes
haue beene cleere enough to ſee this
oldiſh.

truth. Nature I say, pure and mere nature, not onely the Platonists and other learned ones, who resolutely concluded it, and aptly resembled it, to the distinct being of the waggoner after the breaking of the Coach: the swimming out of the Mariner in the wreake of the shipp, the creeping of the snayle out of the shell, the worme out of the case: not vnto the learned Grecians, and ciuiled Romans: But even the rudest Scythians and vnlettered Sauages; yea, though there be many Languages, and sundry Dialects in the world, yet is, and hath this ever beene the common voyce of them all, That soules dye nōg with the body. And how euer the bodies resurrection hath to them beene a Problem and Paradox, yet is the soules eternitie an inbred instinct sucked from natures breast, or rather an indelible

delible principle stamped in the soules of men by the finger of God. And indeed, to right reason, what difficultie or absurdirie is there in it. What lets mee to conceiue a be-
ing of it in the Ayre, in the Hea-
uen, or in any other place as well as
in the compasse of my body, is not
one substance as capable of it as an-
other? **Can it liue in the one, and**
not in the other?

Hath it not, euен whiles it is in
the bodie, thoughts, motiues, pas-
sions by it selfe, of it owne different
from the body, many crosse and
contrarie to the disposition of the
body, cheerefull ones when that is
in paine or melancholie: Chole-
ricke ones when that is flegmaticke,
Doth it waite vpon the body for
joy, sorrow, anger, and the like?
doth it not more often begin ynto
it? Not to speake of Martyrs innu-
merable

merable, who haue beene exceedingly pleasant in the middest of torments, as if they had beene spirits without flesh. How many auncient stories and dailie examples haue wee of cheerefull mindes in distempered, pained, languishing dying bodies? Reason will then conclude, that the soule may well be, and be sensible after death without the body, which cuen in the body can be well; when that is ill, cheerely when that is hurr, or sicke, grieued or troubled when that is in perfect temper and health. And on the contrary, small reason haue we to thinke it sleepes out of the body, or that it is seazed by death out of the body, which never was overcome by sleepe, which is budeath's Image and younger brother, in the body, but euer was working and discoursing in the deepest and dead-
old dayes

at sleepes of the body.

Besides, is it likely God would enrich i. with such noble and diuine dowries to bee salt onely to the bo-
die, to exhale with it as Bruits doe.
The admirable inuention of Arts,
Letters, Engines, the strange fore-
casts, prospects and presages of the
vnderstanding part, the infinite lod-
gings, the firme retainings of the
memorie, doe they not argue an
immortalitie: Doe men ingraue
curiously in Snow, Yce, or tran-
sient stufte?

What meanes the greatest anxi-
etie of men about their suruiuing
name, if the minde perished with
the bodie, if Death were the cessa-
tion of the man, and destruction of
the whole substance. What should
nature care for an ayery accident
without a subiect whereof no part
of him should be sensible.

What

The life of Faith

What meanes the very feare of Death, if that were the end of all feares, and cares, and sorrowes, if nothing remained sensible, and capable of any thing to be feared?

Lastly, the fresh vigor, the unimpayredabilitie, that nimble agilitie of the minde in sicknesse; yea, manie times the freer vse of the faculties of it in the confines, yea, in the act and article of Death, then in former health; doe they not tell the body, the soule meanes not to fall with the carkase (which hath the name of falling) lyes not a dying with it, but erects it selfe, meanes onely to leauue it as an Inhabitant doth a ruinous House, or as a Musician layes downe a Lute whose strings are broken, a Carpenter a worne instrument vnsuit any longer for seruice and imployment: and as a Guest makes hast

out of his Inne, to his long home
and place of abode.

Loath I am to mingle Philosophicall Cordials with Diuine, as water with wine, least my Consolations should be flash and dilute: yet, even these and such like arguments haue taught all Phylosophie (the brutish Schoole of the Epicure excepted) to see and acknowledge that the soule is not a vapour but a spirit, not an accident, but a substance, and elder & more excellent sister to the body immixt and separable; a guest that dyes not with it, but diuerts out of it, intending to reuise and reunite it againe vnto it selfe. But Diuinitie certainlye knowes all this to be most certaine, that it is a particle of Diuine breath, imbreathed into the redde lome at the first, not arising out of it, but infused from heauen into it, and there-

therefore may as well exist without the clay after it, as it did before it: and when the dust returnes to the dust, heauen goes to heauen, both to their originals, the soule first, because first and principall in every action, the body after as an accessary and second, and so the day of death to the body, is the birth of eternity to the soule.

This vndying, and euer-living condition of the soule, throughly rowled in the minde, firmly embraced, and vndoubtedly apprehended by Faith, workes admirable effects as in life, so in the approach of death. *Seneca* that saw it but through Clouds, cranies and creuiles with yfs, and ands, yet professeth that when hee thought but a little of it, and some pleasant dreames of it, hee loathed himselfe and al his trifling greatnes. But most diuinely

divinely, and resolutely, *Julius Palmer*: He that hath his soule linked and tyed to the body, as a theefes feete to a Clogge with guyues and feters, no maruell he knowes not how to dye, is loath to endure a Division: but hee that vseth, and can by Faith separate the spirit from the body, to him it is to drinke this: and with that drinke off a Cup of Wine in his hand, and within a while after, as cheerfully drinke of Deaths Cup in the sight of the same Witnesses. Even *Socrates* himself sweetned his cup of poison, with his discourse of the soules immortalitie, to the amazement of the beholders. Such soules indeede as place all their felicitie to be in a full fedde, and well complexioned body, and to partake of the senses corporeall delights, hath not accustomed it selfe to it owne retyred de-

H lights

lights of obstracted meditations, knowes not how to be merry without a play-fellow, no maruell though it bee as loath to part with the body, as a crooked deformed body to part with rich robes gorgeous apparell, which were it onely ornaments.

But such noble and regenate spirits as know their owne Dowries, haue inured them selues to sublimate contemplations, and to haue their conuersation in Heauen, whiles they were in the body: such I say, though they doe not Cynically revile the body as a Clog, a prison, a lumpe of myre, &c. but know it to be the Temple of the Holy Ghost, yet are they willing, yea and sigh to be vncloathed, to lye it a while in the earth, being a dark and thicke lanterne, hindring the cleare sight of it, till they may

may reassume it clarified, a spirituall, an Angelified body made apt and obsequious to all diuine seruices, to Celestiall Offices without weariness, intermission, and such like vanitie, which here it is subiect vnto: as willing as *David* to lay aside *Saul's* cumbersome Armour, and to betake him to such as hee could better weeld and command at pleasure.

This is the first and lowest helpe Faith hath to comfort the soule withall in the approach of Death; when the strong men buckle, the Keepers of the house faile, they waxe dimme that looke out at the windowes, when the whole outward man decayes: that the inner man ages not, faints not, languisheth not, but rather lifts vp the head, is more fresh then formerly, and expects to be unburdened, and to bee

at libertie, freed from Corporeall tedious vnplesasing workes of slee-
ping, eating, drinking, and other meaner drudgery, that it may once
come to higher and more spirituall imployments better suiting with it
natvie condition: euен as the Ly-
on longeth to bee out of the grate,
and the Eagle out of the cage, that
they may haue their free scope and
fuller libertie.

Under the Altar.

Now if this much reviued *John*
(as no doubt it did) to see the
Soules continuance after Death,
how much more to see their safety
and rest vnder the Altar: that is vnder
Christs protection and custo-
dy, vnder the shadow of his wings.
Who makes them gratesfull to his
Father, couers them from his
wrath,

wrath, safeguards them from all molestation procures them absolute quiet and security. The phrase alluding to the Altar in the Tabernacle, which gaue the Offerings grace and acceptation : and partly to the safety of such as fled from the Avenger to the Altar. Christ is our Altar, and all the Soules or such as dye in his Faith, are as *Stephen* bequeathed to him: he presents them to his Father, shelters them from accusation and condemnation, gathers them as the Hen her Chickens vnder his wings , being fully able to keepe what is committed to him from all disquiet. Hee that could keepe the three yongmen in the Furnace with whom he walked, yea their very garments from the violence of fire : The Israelites and their apparell in the wilderness: *Jonas* in the Whales belly: how much

H 3 more

more easily now he sits at the hand of his Father in Maiestie and Glorie, can hee defend sauad and glorified soules from all Externall and Internall Annoyance, and settle them in absolute peace with him in his paradise, according to his frequent promise to such as overcome, *they shall sit with mee upon thrones.*

*And long white Robes were given
unto everyone.*

If *Tabn* had seene soules at rest, though in poore and meane condition, yet were a corner of an house with peace to bee preferred to a wide Pallace with disquiet: A poore dyet with greene Herbes with quiet; to a feast with stalled oxen, and crammed fowles, sauced with bitter contention. But behold, he sees not

not naked, beggerly, ragged soules, but adorned with white Robes; that is, endowed now, and glorified with perfect righteousnesse, puritie, clarity, dignitie, and festiuitie: of all which white apparell hath ever beene an Emblem and Symbole in Diuine and Humane Herauldry, a cloathing of Princes in their great solemnities of Coronation, triumphs and ouations, sayes *Eusebius*: so was *Herod* arrayed in cloath of siluer, with which the Sun beames meeting, made such a glibster, as amazed the people that styled him a God: so sayes *Tertullian*, were they wont to dignifie Servants at their manumissions with white Apparell, in token of their new libertie and preferment. At feasts great persons were wont to change their guests ordinary clothes with a white Synthesis,

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colour fit to expresse alacritie. Christians, the whole Easter week wore white apparell. All the graces the soules had here in this their infancy of Regeneration, were but stayned and poluted clouts: their knowledge darke and obscured with ignorance, their memories clouded with obliuion, their wills and affections tempested with mutinies and perturbations, their habits of holines and charity, fullid with defects and infirmities, their delights duske and particoloured and spotted with mixture of sorrow: all their apparell blacke and sad russet at the least; but there purer then the Christall, whiter then the Snowe, or then Fullers earth is able to make them. The Lillyes, and *Salomon* in all their Royaltie not like vnto the meanest of them. Call vs no more *Marah*, may they say

in Death.

III

say, but *Naomi*. For fulnesse of beauty is conferred vpon them, God becomming fulnesse of clarity and light vnto the vnderstanding, without error or darknesse, continuation of Eternity to the memory without forgetfulnesse, multitude of Peace to the Will and Affections without disturbance or disorder; the superiour part of the Soule pleasing it selfe in the blessed vision of God, and the inferior satiate with the fruition of riuers of pleasures, & variety of monthly fruits. All this ioy increased by the æmenity and magnificence of the place being Gods Palace, built and prepared for eternity, for the honour of his Maiesty, and habitation of his Saints, all shining like precious Iasper: enchanted by the full quire of Angels, and communion of holy men, excellent when they were on earth,

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earth, now perfected in their vertues, and freed from frailties, never mourning, but euer singing and lauding their Creator with *Alleluias* without defatigation or satiety: all this made vp and consummate by the addition not of a number of yeares, but of eternity vncountable, vnalterable, incomprehensible. What are the chiefe miseries of this life, but the sordid apparell of the soule, the black thoughts, the speckled phantasies, darke oblivion, royled, soyled affections, all the habit of it squalid, ragged, & tattered. Now then was *Joseph* loath to change his prison-ragges, or *Hester* her old and meane Cloathes with stately and royall array? Promise a Child a new Satin suite, and see whether he will not long for it, and call for it; see whether hee will cry when you bid him lay off his russets? Whence

it

is it then that men dye so dully, so vnwillingly, so heauily? or whence can it be, but because they doe not liuely and certainly beleue, and expect these white Robes for their soules. When the beauty of a mans mind is here obfuscate and defaced with melancholly Tentations, and opake imaginations, with yellow choller, with pallid feare, with ruddy shame, with sable despaire; oh what would he give for a candid calme, and serene state of his mind? and when again it pleaseth God to affoord him sunshine holidayes of ioy and tranquility, wherein his mind is clad, and decked with golden, siluer, and precious ornaments of peace, meeknesse, temperance, patience, Oh what an Heauen would hee thinke hee had here on earth, if all his dayes were but such dayes! whereas this a Christian may

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may well assure himselfe of, that
what euer grace doth here prepare
and begin, there glory will absoluē
and perpetuate for matter of sancti-
ty, purity, and alacrity of the mind,
typified in these white robes: yea
further for matter of dignity & tri-
umph, which then shall bee most
compleat, wher they shal see Christ
at that day come in the glory of the
Father with millions of his Angels
descending and bringing downe
his heauenly *Jerusalem*, meeting
them halfe way in the clouds, and
there auenging them on their ene-
mies, sitting with them as assessoris
vpon thrones, to iudge the Angels,
and the world of wicked ones, and
such as haue insulted ouer them on
the earth, in which they shall then
without any malignity of enuy, an-
ger, or appetite of reuenge, take ad-
mirable and vnspeakable content
and

and comfort, yea reckon it as the accomplishment of their inchoate glory, for which they are here said to long for and groane vnder the Altar, till the number of all their brethren being consummate, God shall openly acquit and applaud them, condemne and confound their opposites. These, these are the onely, stately, and kingly dignities : the meditations whereof are onely able to beget and foster true heroicall and Christian resolutions against the feare of Death and Hell, otherwise vnuanquished. To conclude then, to the man that would both in health and sicknesse nourish ever in his breast vndaunted and more then conquering thoughts of these two enemies, in stead of *Bellarmines* many friuolous and tedious rules : I prescribe but these two practises of Faith. The first is to worke in his

his minde a settled and vndoubted certainty : and the second a lively & frequent representation of them.

Were heauen nothing else but an hauen of rest, wee know how welcome the one is to a Sea-sicke weather-beaten traueller, and may by that guesse how desirable the other should be to a soule that long hath beene tossed in the waues of this world, sicke of its owne sinfull imaginations, and tyred with externall renovations. The happiest soule that euer hath sayled ouer this *Euripus*, in the best ship, in the healthfullest body that euer was, neuer had so calme a passage, but that it hath had cause enough often to wish it selfe on shoare. What with selfe groning phantasies, and injected tentations, how little respit or rest is here to be found? Is there any palace or tower here so high or strong

that

that can keepe diseases from the body : how much lesse cares, sorrows, feares, and Satans assaults from the Soule ? Were there but such an I-land, as some haue dreamed of here on earth, that might free our bodies or mindes from disquiet, but for the space of the moment of this life, how would people covet to dwell in it ? In the times of the late wars in the Netherlands, how did the Boores forsake their Farmes, and flye into walled Cities for security from dangers ? What violence then should our heauenly Ierusalem suffer of our wishes and desires ? were it but for the sweet and amiable name of peace whereof it is denominated , having indeed the God of peace for the King and Keeper of it : Walls many Cubits high, into which no Zenacherib can shoot an arrow, nor the Dragon Beast, nor

nor the false Prophet to seduce or to accuse : strong gates and barres excluding all enemies and annoyances, and so affording perfect tranquility to all the inhabitants, out of which they insult ten times more safely, then the Iebusites did ouer the blinde and lame, ouer the pale horse and his riders, Death & Hell. Consider and compare a little the simplicity of the worldling with the wisdome of the Christian, the happy stability of the one, with the wofull vncertainty of the other at the time of their departure. Euen Foxes and Hares, and other such vermine fore-acquaint themselues with Muses, Thickes, and Burroes, into which when they are chased and hunted, they may repaire for safety : but these fooles while they liue in health and prosperity, never thinke of the euill day, and when away

away they see they must goe, how vnshytable are they ? Some of the meaner sort, they take care for their winding-sheet : or if richer, for a marble or painted sepulchre, which yet cannot preserue their bodies or names frō putrifaction : the superstitious sort to be buried in a Fryers cowle, or vnder an altar of stone: the desperater sort , wishing the mountaines might couer them from the wrath of the Lamb. An harbour or receptacle for their soules they never thinke of; whence it is that they are as loath to haue them turned out of their bodies, as *Hagar* and *Ismael* to be out of doores, and exposed to misery and dangers; or rather as *Cain*, to be cast as a vagabond out of Gods presence, fearing lest every one that met him next, should cut his throat for a cursed *Caitiffe*. And indeed what else can

I they

they looke for, but instantly to bee
deuoured of the roaring Lyon, that
waites at the doore of Death, to
fetch away their soules into the
place where there is no night nor
day. Onely the wise beleeuuer, hee
hath prouided a Sanctuary, or Ci-
tie of refuge against time of danger,
hath learned wisdome of the Co-
nies, who though a little nation, yet
wise and forecasting, haue their re-
fuge in the Rockes. Christ is the
beleeuers Rocke, and his strong
Tower, his Altar, and therefore he
feares not what Death can doe vnto
him. Christ hath assured him on
his word, that, hee shall haue all
teares wiped away, and the Spirit
secured him that he shall rest from
his Labours. In which regard he is
so farre from lingring and hancke-
ring after a continuance in this ~~ca~~
of teares, this wildernes of feates,
that

that he studies rather to enter into this rest, Cries out with *David*, Woe is me that I dwell in *Mesbek*, and *Kedar*, when I thinke of peace, there is warre at hand: With *Jeremy* Woe is mee that I dwell with a contentious people. With *Elias*, I am wearie of my life, an end good Lord. Or with blessed *Simeon*, Now Lord let thy seruant depart in peace, into that Land of peace; here I haue scene that there is no peace to bee had: all here is vanitie and vexation of spirit. For a minute of peace, months of vanity, for a dram of hony, pounds of aloes and gall. Soules here finde no resting place for the soles of their feete, till they come to the mount *Ararat*, whither their workes follow them, where their sorrowes leaue them. And so conclude with *Vidus Bresius*, Oh that my soule had the wings

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of the Doue to fie and make hast to that mountaine of God, and hill of tranquilitie and eternitie. Thus the one dies howling, the other singing, because the one knowes hee changeth for the better, the other for the worse: the one takes Death for a gulfe of sorrow, the other for a port of libertie and ease: the one because he is stript for a scourging, the other because hee layes off his cloiths to go to bed after his toile,

If Queene *Elizabeth* whiles she was a prisoner in her sisters dayes, could haue beeene fully assured, and had clearely foreseen her owne long, glorious and prosperous raigne ensuing, would she haue wished her selfe a Milke-maid for the present? No it had bin impossible. All our feares and doubts arise from infidelitie and the vncertainetie, or else from the deadnesse and dulaesse

of

of our hopes. To put life into which, there can bee no better, no other helpe, then first to ground and root our Faith in Christ through the word and spirit: And then often to be setting before our eyes a state and condition happy aboue all that Cities, Kingdomes, Crownes Pearles, and Iewels, Marriages, Feasts, and all other Metaphors, and Parables of Scripture doe but shadrow out vnto vs. Which supereminent and superabundant felicitie, *Paul* that had bee an eye witnes, not able to describe, much less to amplifie, summes it vp, *An exceeding exceeding eternall weight of Glory.*

A superlatiue transcendent phrase such as is not to bee found in all the Rhetoricke of the Heathens, because they never wrote of such a Thoyme, nor with such a Spirit. If

any of vs had but halfe the strength
of *Pauls* Faith, or life of his hope,
or cheerefull fore-imaginacions,
which hee had of this felicitie, wee
could not but haue the same de-
fires, and longings for our dissolu-
tion and fruition of them. If wee
throughly beleevued and remem-
bered this to bee the state of our
selues and dead friends, would wee,
or could we so feare for our selues,
or mourne for them in Blackes,
whiles they are in whites, as *Jacob*
for *Joseph*, thinking him devoured
by some euill beast, when hee was
Lording it in *Egypt*. No verily,
but thinke of it and looke for it we
would with the same affections that
Children do for their playes, Pren-
tises their freedome, Spouses their
mariage, Labourers their wages,
Husbandmen their Haruest, heires
their Inheritance, Princes their
King.

Kingdomes. Mongst many thousands I chuse to instance and end with *Monicah* and *Augustines* examples; the mother vsing this speech to her sonne; All that I haue desired to live to see, is that which I now see: thee my sonne a Christian. And now what doe I any longer in this base and impure world? And hee of his mother: What cause haue I to mourne for a mother, of whose happiness I may be so well assured.

When I awake I shall be satisfied.

Write, O Christ, these meditations in our hearts, imprint these patternes so fast in our memories, that wee may all the dayes of our liues haue frequent fore-thoughts of our appointed change, chiefly in that last and solemne day of our death,

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death, when the Prince of this world will bee busie, and wee shall bee weake, let thy Comforter then bring them to minde, that by faith we may ouercome, and having the Arke of thy Couenant in eye, cheerefully passe through the wa-
ters of Iorden, and so take posses-
sion of that land which flowes with
all varietie of delights, without ei-
ther end or facietie : euens so come
Lord Iesu, come quickly.

F I N I S.